

sorghum plant for brooms and baskets; weaving mills for using stripes or threads for rugs or cloth.

Usually many of these mills were in the homes and afforded the finished product to the families of the neighborhood, and most often trade was the method of exchange.

THE OLDTIME HORSE AND BUGGY DOCTOR

In 1889, black diphtheria was raging. Lowell and LuDeen across the road from our house had been taken away in crude wooden boxes and driven in a farm wagon to the graveyard north of town. On the other side of the street, Nan's three children, beautiful girls, had gone out in oblong boxes.

In those ten acre lots that formed a block there was not an untouched family. Sometimes only one lone babe at the breast was left. There was a gloom that pervaded every household. My father traveled to Manti to bring the only medical man in the Valley, Dr. Olsten a German surgeon who had come into the valley.

When Dr. Olsten came, he was rough and quick, taking little time to size up the patients. Usually the child, if able to sit up, was pulled to the window and the throat painted with a swab, but if the bacteria had filled the nasal cavity and the breathing was so obstructed that it was labored, the good doctor passed on to some other patient, for the inevitable had come and only four to six days numbered the span of that stricken child's life. My father knew when the child was blue, because the membrane of the lumen, the windpipe, had clogged, and he shook his head. "No use for Olsten, it's black diphtheria." The child became bluer and bluer; his eyes bulged out; his head and shoulders pulled back; and soon "black diphtheria" had clogged the lumen of the windpipe and claimed its victim. No wonder my memory holds in mortal terror the memory of this doomed disease. The recollection of my father is very clear-cut as he hung sheets dipped in carbolic water between the door openings into the rooms occupied by members of the family and his workmen.

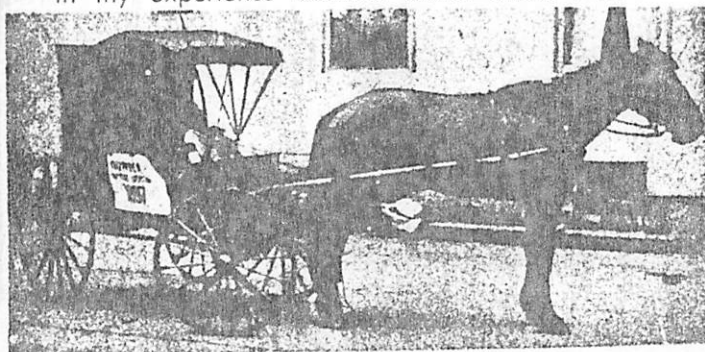
Dad always said, "Mumps, measles, chicken-pox, and all the children's diseases, it's good to have them over, because you just can't beat fate, and every brat's got to have them or die with them when they're grown." So exposure to these ordinary diseases was common. The most direful result was when kidney inflammation developed or an ear infection followed.

In those early days, an autopsy was unheard-of and consequently a death which resulted in unknown situations was never revealed as to the causes. There was no prevention, medical care, nor treatment.

I remember my dad helping Dr. Olsten amputate an arm mangled from one of his threshing

machine feeders. It was Baxter who had unluckily caught his jumper sleeve in the teeth of the threshing machine while he fed in the forkfuls of wheat pitched from the stack to the feeder. They had to do something right then. Olsten was ten miles away, so dad had things underway by the time Olsten arrived. They had boiled a saw, got the silk thread and were ready. A couple of the men held Baxter while Olsten and Dad cut the soft parts and sawed the bone off close up to the shoulder. The vessels were tied by threads left long enough so that they could be pulled out after the end had sloughed off. A clean white cloth was used for bandage. When it was all over, Baxter was denominated as "tough as an ox." "Couldn't kill a man like that" — and he didn't die — for he was sheriff of the town for long years after. It was this heroic story he went about telling in the town.

Anesthesia was known in those days. Ether was beginning to be used in 1846, and chloroform in 1872, but in this section when the amputation was resorted to, sometimes whiskey was given, or else the patient could curse or swear, or do both. Maybe my early memory is retroactive in my experience because under stress I in-



When the hurry-up call came, a physician had to hitch old Dobbin to the shay. A good horse was "must" for doctor.



Early-day doctors carried nonmedical equipment which was just as essential as a stethoscope.

THE ETHER WAVE

(Salt Lake Tribune)

I turned on the old radio
To get a bit of news,
To help to calm my spirits
But instead I got the blues;
I heard a voice cry pleadingly
Here's something for a cent,
With Amos and old Andy
As they cry use Pepsodent.

I turn the dial a little
To try to close the bars
Instead of getting something nice
They're reporting on the wars;
Then comes the old gangbusters
And the groan of someone shot
So instead of feeling better
I am getting mighty hot.

I then consult the schedule
And pick for something near
And sure enough I hear a voice
That sounds so sweet and clear;
But she must pause a moment
While someone else butts in;
To advertise a special beer
And the virtues of their gin.

Some things you hear are not but
trouble,

While others may be lies.

The object to their story

It, it pays to advertise!

They tell about their chicken soup
And sell you something you don't
need

For just a dollar bill.

They tell you how to comb your
wig

And the things you must wear;

Or how to grow a heavy mop

Of wavy colored hair

They even remove a pimple

From off your dimpled cheek,

If you would do half what you'r
told

You wouldn't last a week.

So try once more to clear the air

But I'm feeling like a clown,

For someone crys, one buck a
week.

Old friends pay nothing down.

Come get your eye sight tested

It takes so little dough,

If you can see quite good enough

We will frankly tell you so.

The air is full of quirks and groans
Of music and of song

Some hold onto the ether wave

A little bit too long.

The jitter bugs are dancing

While some one holds the sack,

So don't forget to look right close

For the coupon on the back.

But there is this about it

I'm sure it's very nice,

Some broadcast to you every day

While others broadcast twice;

The air is free to all alike

To man, to heart and bug

So if you do not like it

Just simply pull the plug.